DC

Amazing Man™

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RSVP

1935 50 DC™ 1985

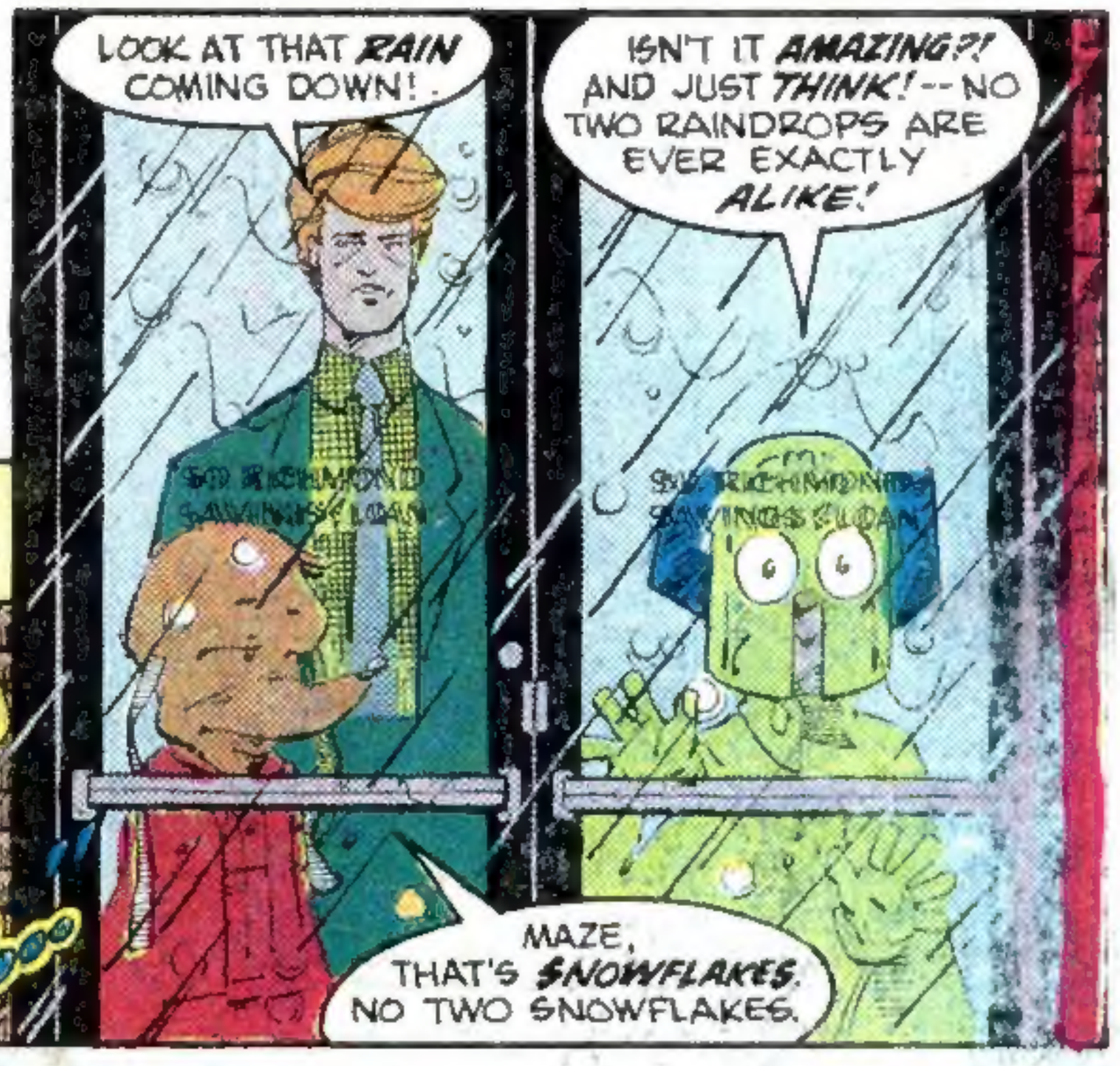
'mazing man™

created by Stephen DeStefano PENCILLER & Bob Rozakis* WRITER

*WHO RECENTLY ENTERED THE *PUBLISHERS READING HOUSE* SWEEPSTAKES!

KARL KESEL INKER BOB LAPPAN LETTERER
NANSI HOOLIHAN COLORIST ALAN GOLD REFEREE

"DOING WHAT MARRIED PEOPLE DO..."


LOOK AT THAT *RAIN* COMING DOWN!
ISN'T IT *AMAZING*?! AND JUST *THINK*! -- NO TWO RAINDROPS ARE EVER EXACTLY *ALIKE*!
MAZE, THAT'S *SNOWFLAKES*. NO TWO SNOWFLAKES.

THEM, TOO, DENTON. BUT SNOWFLAKES ARE SO *FLASHY*--WHEREAS RAINDROPS ARE MOSTLY CHUBBY AND SHY. THEY HAVE *CHARACTER* WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW THEM BETTER. I'LL SHOW YOU...
TAKE HIS WORD FOR IT, ED.

MY EYES DECEIVE ME! IS THIS NOT EDWARD "IN-AT-NINE-OUT-AT-FIVE" VALENTINE STILL HERE A FULL FIVE MINUTES AFTER 5 P.M.?
AFRAID OF A LITTLE *RAIN*, ARE WE?

UMMM, NO, SIR, MR. YANDERPLATZ. UMMM, HAVE YOU MET MY, UH, *FRIEND*, DENTON FIXX, THE UH, COMIC BOOK WRITER, UH...
ARE WE A DEPOSITOR HERE, MR. FIXX?
SINCE WE WERE OLD ENOUGH TO SIGN A DEPOSIT SLIP, SIR!

VALENTINE! BY ANY CHANCE, IS TOMORROW YOUR *ANNUAL REVIEW*?
RUN ALONG, SON. I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF YOUR COOPERATIVE ATTITUDE ...AND ETCH THE DATE AND TIME IN *STONE*!

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OHHH!
Swing
OH, SWELL-- ANOTHER "CRISIS."
NOT NECES-SARILY--
"--HE MAY JUST HAVE SPOTTED A PAIR OF RAINDROPS THAT LOOK UNCOMFORTABLY ALIKE!
"ON SECOND THOUGHT..."
...HE MAY ACTUALLY BE RESCUING US FROM GETTING DRENCHED ON THE WAY HOME!
CAB! OH, CA-AB! PLEASE STOP!
SCREEECCHH
C'MON, GUYS! LET'S NOT KEEP HIM WAITING!
SAY, WHAT IS THIS, SOME KINDA GAG?
HEE HEE!
WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T GET A CAB ON A RAINY DAY?
ME, FOR ONE!
VROOOOM
K-SPLAK

THANKS, ANYWAY!

SO MUCH FOR THE CAB. READY TO HOOF IT?

YEAH, MAYBE I'LL CATCH PNEUMONIA AND GET STUCK IN BED.

HOOF

WHAT'S *EATING* YOU, EDDIE? DOOM-AND-GLOOM DOES *NOT* BECOME YOU.

AAH, I GOTTA TAKE BRENDA TO ONE OF HER OFFICE "ENCOUNTER SESSIONS"...

HI, GUYS. GOIN' MY WAY? HEEHEE.

MAZE, WE'RE ONLY HALF A BLOCK FROM THE BANK AND *ALREADY* I'M SOAKED TO THE *SKIN*.

JUST STAND BEHIND ME -- AND STOP ENJOYING YOURSELF!

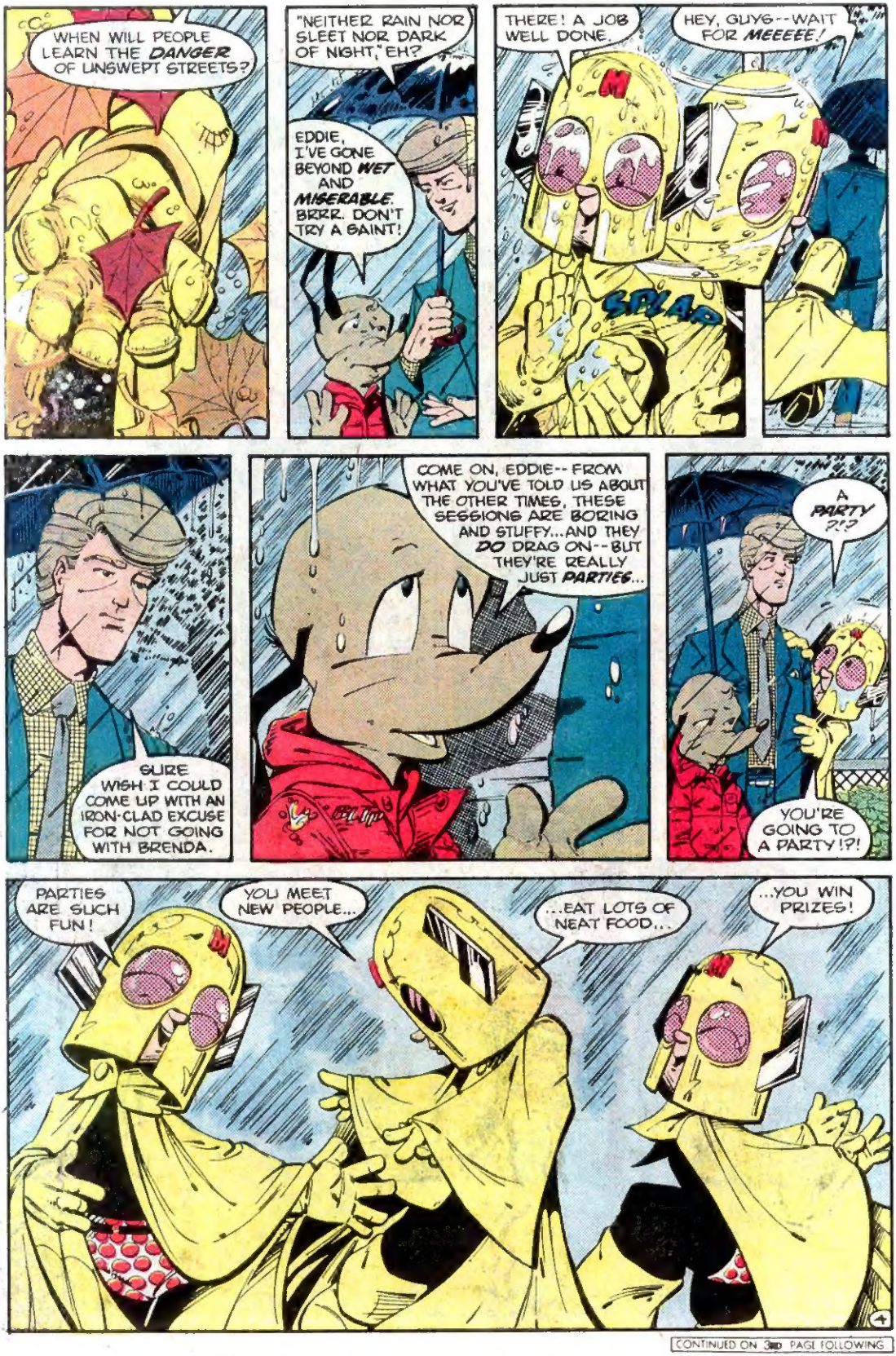
HOKEY SMOKES!

THIS IS A JOB FOR *'MAZING MAN!*

KLING

GARBAGE AND LEAVES HAVE CLOGGED UP THE STORM DRAIN! LUCKY I SPOTTED THIS IN TIME!

QUEENS IS SAVED FROM SURE DISASTER.


WHEN WILL PEOPLE LEARN THE DANGER OF UNSWEPT STREETS?
"NEITHER RAIN NOR SLEET NOR DARK OF NIGHT," EH?
EDDIE, I'VE GONE BEYOND WET AND MISERABLE. BRRR. DON'T TRY A SAINT!
THERE! A JOB WELL DONE.
HEY, GUYS--WAIT FOR MEEEEE!
SPLAT
SURE WISH I COULD COME UP WITH AN IRON-CLAD EXCUSE FOR NOT GOING WITH BRENDA.
COME ON, EDDIE-- FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD US ABOUT THE OTHER TIMES, THESE SESSIONS ARE BORING AND STUFFY...AND THEY DO DRAG ON--BUT THEY'RE REALLY JUST PARTIES...
A PARTY ?!?
YOU'RE GOING TO A PARTY!?!
PARTIES ARE SUCH FUN!
YOU MEET NEW PEOPLE...
...EAT LOTS OF NEAT FOOD...
...YOU WIN PRIZES!

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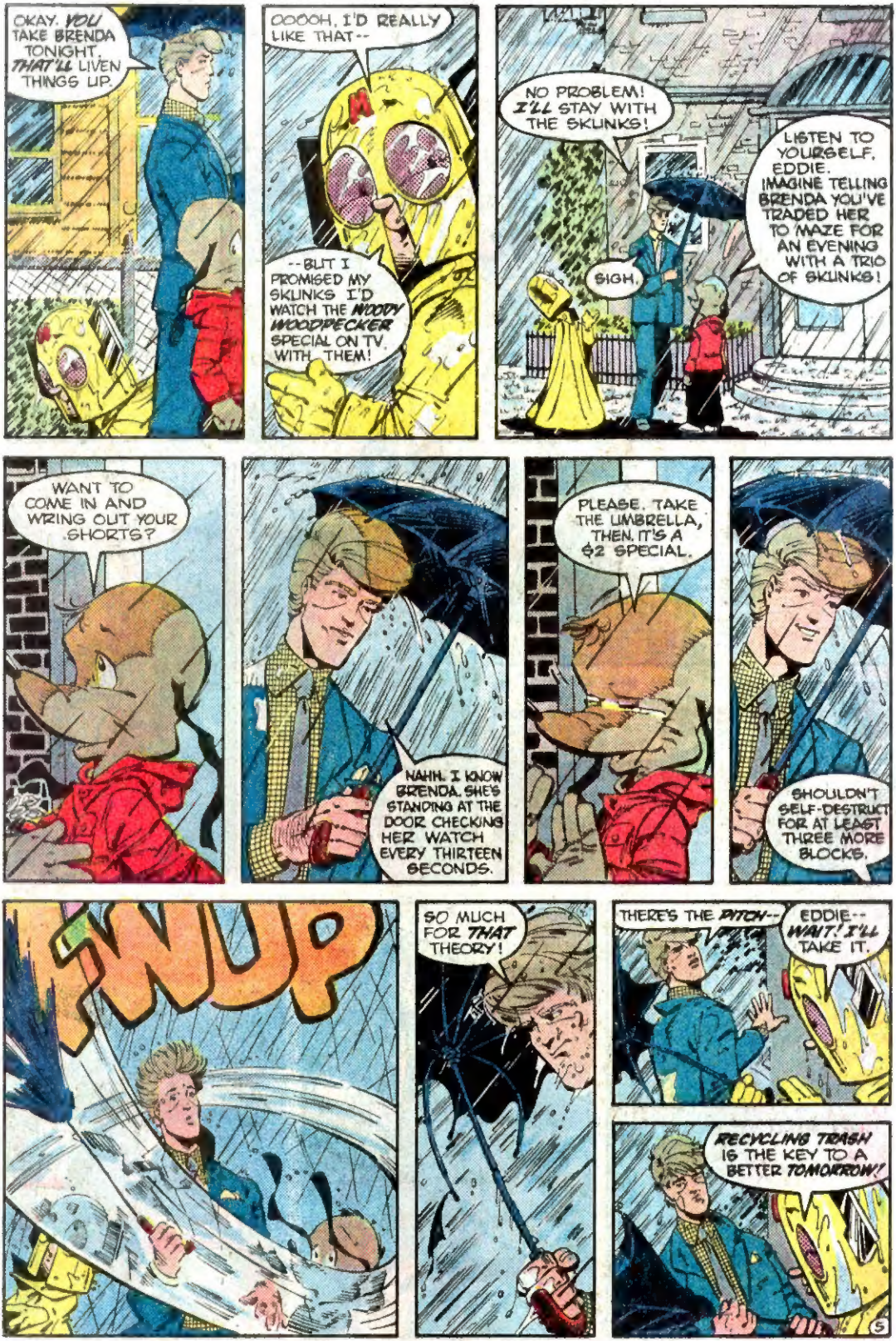
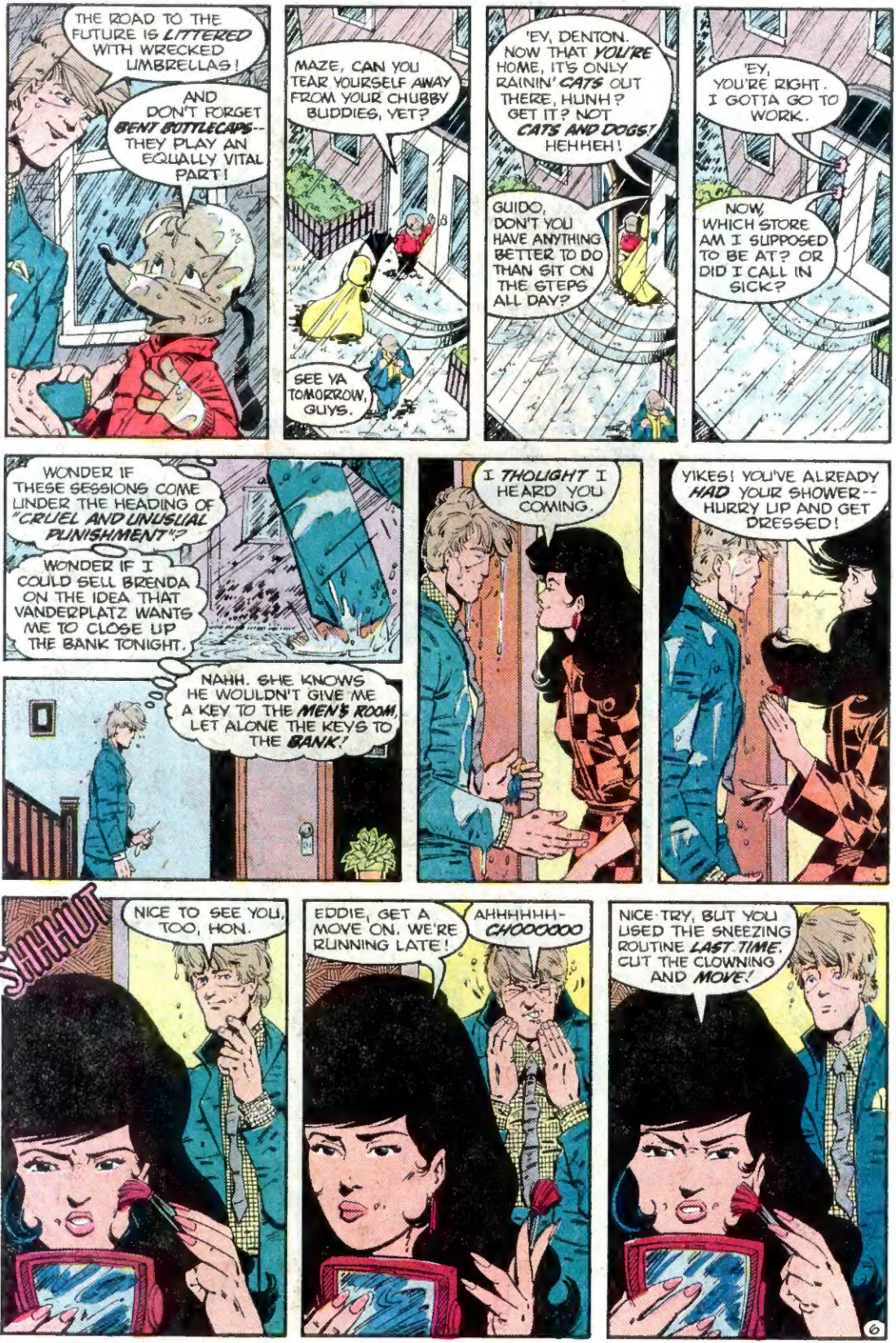
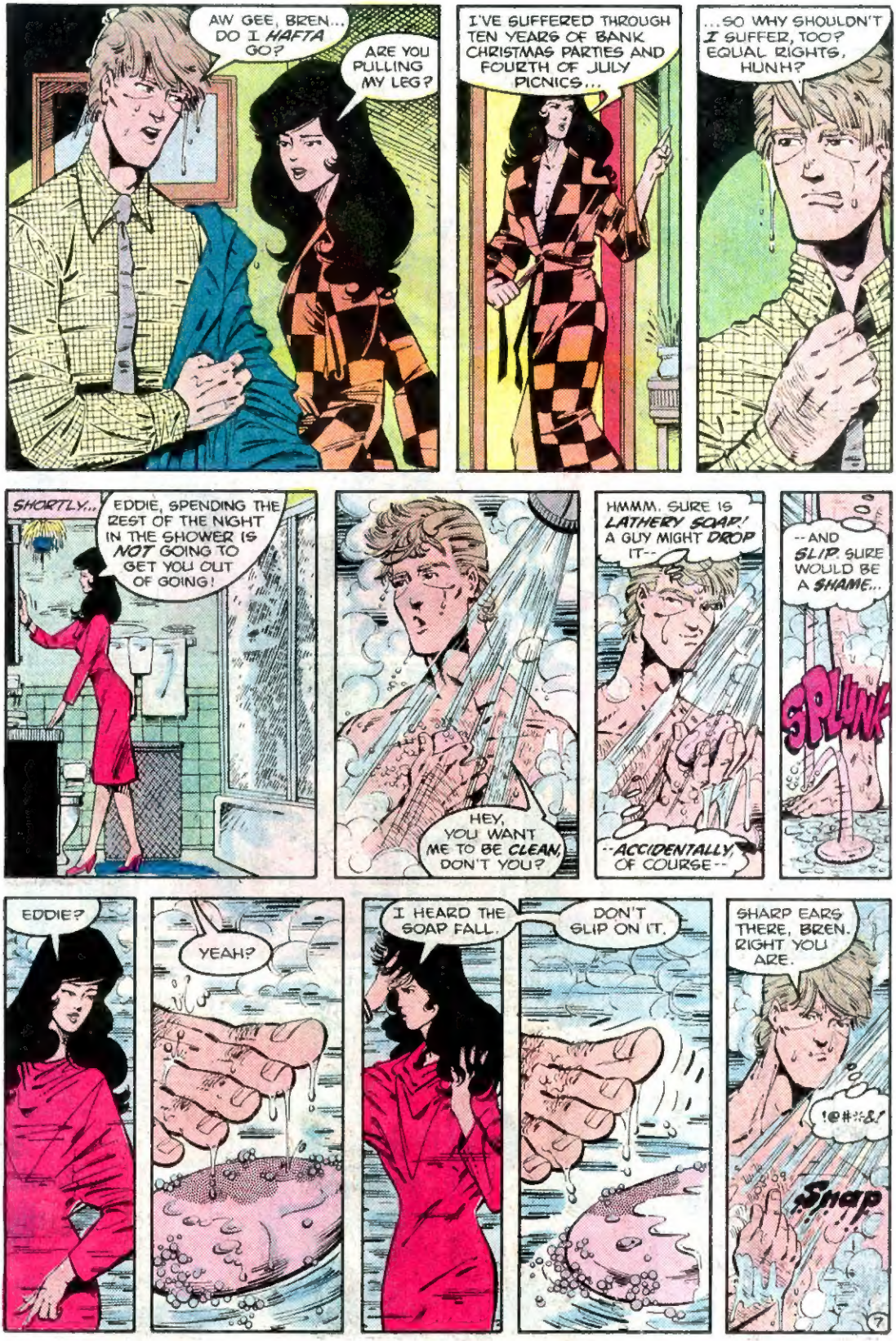
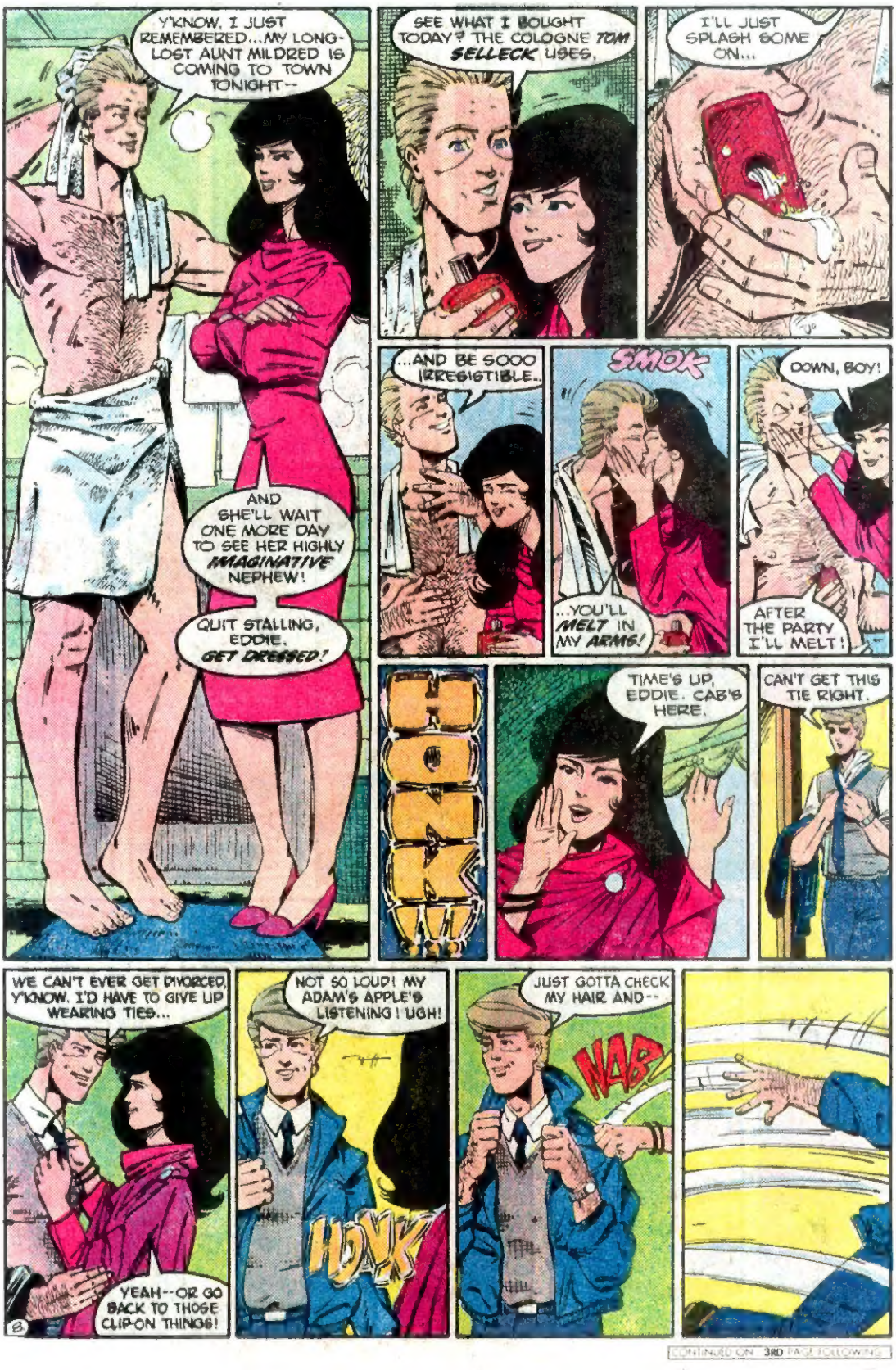

OKAY. YOU TAKE BRENDA TONIGHT. THAT'LL LIVEN THINGS UP.
OOOOH, I'D REALLY LIKE THAT--
--BUT I PROMISED MY SKUNKS I'D WATCH THE WOODY WOODPECKER SPECIAL ON TV WITH THEM!
NO PROBLEM! I'LL STAY WITH THE SKUNKS!
SIGH.
LISTEN TO YOURSELF, EDDIE. IMAGINE TELLING BRENDA YOU'VE TRADED HER TO MAZE FOR AN EVENING WITH A TRIO OF SKUNKS!
WANT TO COME IN AND WRING OUT YOUR SHORTS?
NAHH. I KNOW BRENDA. SHE'S STANDING AT THE DOOR CHECKING HER WATCH EVERY THIRTEEN SECONDS.
PLEASE. TAKE THE UMBRELLA, THEN. IT'S A $2 SPECIAL.
SHOULDN'T SELF-DESTRUCT FOR AT LEAST THREE MORE BLOCKS.
FWUP
SO MUCH FOR THAT THEORY!
THERE'S THE PITCH--
EDDIE-- WAIT! I'LL TAKE IT.
RECYCLING TRASH IS THE KEY TO A BETTER TOMORROW!
5


THE ROAD TO THE FUTURE IS LITTERED WITH WRECKED UMBRELLAS!
AND DON'T FORGET BENT BOTTLECAPS-- THEY PLAY AN EQUALLY VITAL PART!
MAZE, CAN YOU TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM YOUR CHUBBY BUDDIES, YET?
SEE YA TOMORROW, GUYS.
'EY, DENTON. NOW THAT YOU'RE HOME, IT'S ONLY RAININ' CATS OUT THERE, HUNH? GET IT? NOT CATS AND DOGS! HEHHEH!
GUIDO, DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO THAN SIT ON THE STEPS ALL DAY?
'EY, YOU'RE RIGHT. I GOTTA GO TO WORK.
NOW, WHICH STORE AM I SUPPOSED TO BE AT? OR DID I CALL IN SICK?
WONDER IF THESE SESSIONS COME UNDER THE HEADING OF "CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT"?
WONDER IF I COULD SELL BRENDA ON THE IDEA THAT VANDERPLATZ WANTS ME TO CLOSE UP THE BANK TONIGHT.
NAHH. SHE KNOWS HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME A KEY TO THE MEN'S ROOM, LET ALONE THE KEYS TO THE BANK!
I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU COMING.
YIKES! YOU'VE ALREADY HAD YOUR SHOWER-- HURRY UP AND GET DRESSED!
SHHHUT
NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO, HON.
EDDIE, GET A MOVE ON. WE'RE RUNNING LATE!
AHHHHHH- CHOOOOOO
NICE TRY, BUT YOU USED THE SNEEZING ROUTINE LAST TIME. CUT THE CLOWNING AND MOVE!
6


AW GEE, BREN... DO I HAFTA GO?
ARE YOU PULLING MY LEG?
I'VE SUFFERED THROUGH TEN YEARS OF BANK CHRISTMAS PARTIES AND FOURTH OF JULY PICNICS...
...SO WHY SHOULDN'T I SUFFER, TOO? EQUAL RIGHTS, HUNH?
SHORTLY...
EDDIE, SPENDING THE REST OF THE NIGHT IN THE SHOWER IS NOT GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF GOING!
HEY, YOU WANT ME TO BE CLEAN, DON'T YOU?
HMMM. SURE IS LATHERY SOAP! A GUY MIGHT DROP IT--
--ACCIDENTALLY, OF COURSE--
--AND SLIP SURE WOULD BE A SHAME...
SPLUNK
EDDIE?
YEAH?
I HEARD THE SOAP FALL.
DON'T SLIP ON IT.
SHARP EARS THERE, BREN. RIGHT YOU ARE.
!@#%&!
Snap
7


Y'KNOW, I JUST REMEMBERED...MY LONG-LOST AUNT MILDRED IS COMING TO TOWN TONIGHT--
AND SHE'LL WAIT ONE MORE DAY TO SEE HER HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE NEPHEW!
QUIT STALLING, EDDIE. GET DRESSED!
SEE WHAT I BOUGHT TODAY? THE COLOGNE TOM SELLECK USES.
I'LL JUST SPLASH SOME ON...
...AND BE SOOO IRRESISTIBLE..
SMOK
..YOU'LL MELT IN MY ARMS!
DOWN, BOY!
AFTER THE PARTY I'LL MELT!
HONK
TIME'S UP, EDDIE. CAB'S HERE.
CAN'T GET THIS TIE RIGHT.
WE CAN'T EVER GET DIVORCED, Y'KNOW. I'D HAVE TO GIVE UP WEARING TIES...
YEAH--OR GO BACK TO THOSE CLIP-ON THINGS!
NOT SO LOUD! MY ADAM'S APPLE'S LISTENING! UGH!
HONK
JUST GOTTA CHECK MY HAIR AND--
NAB

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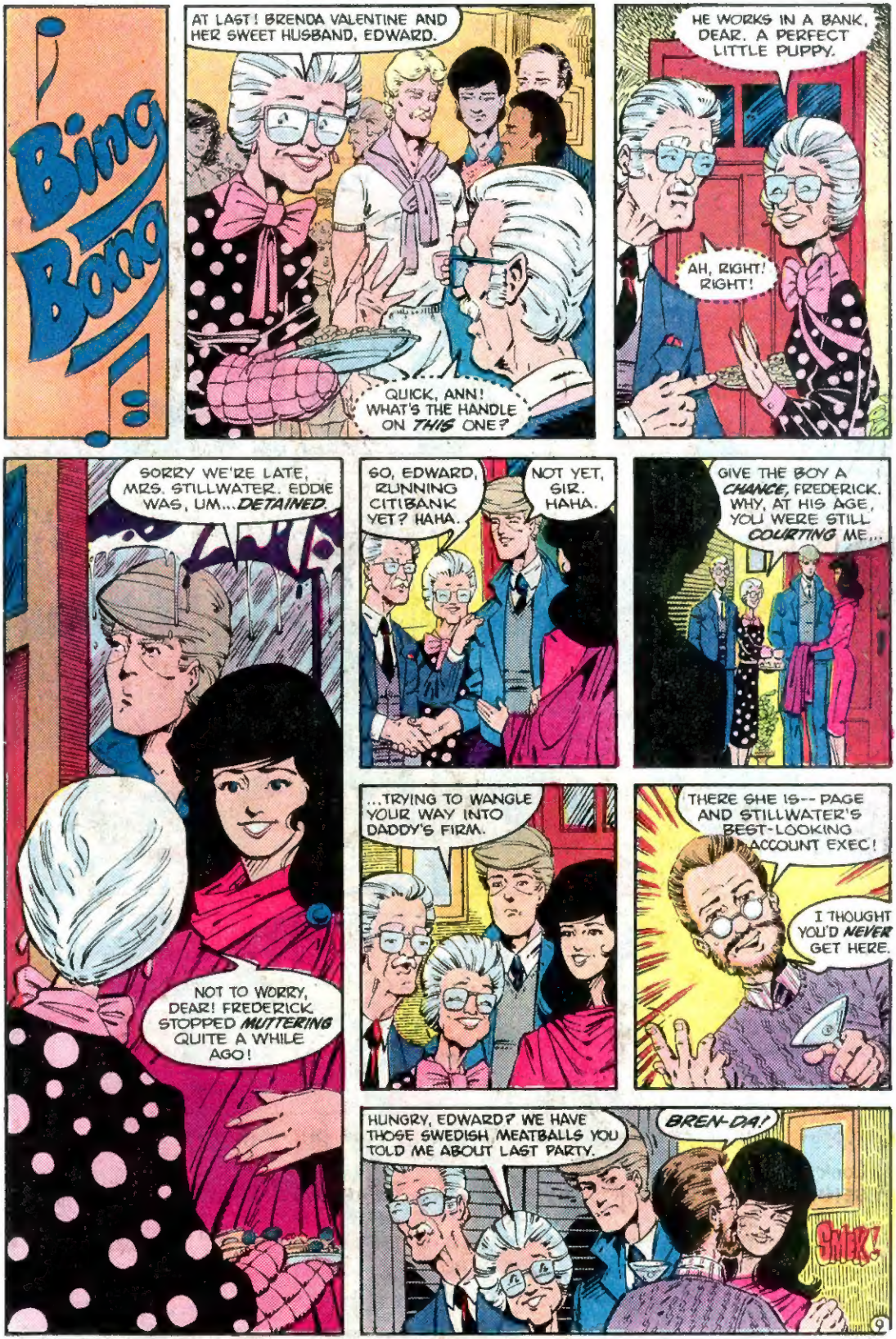
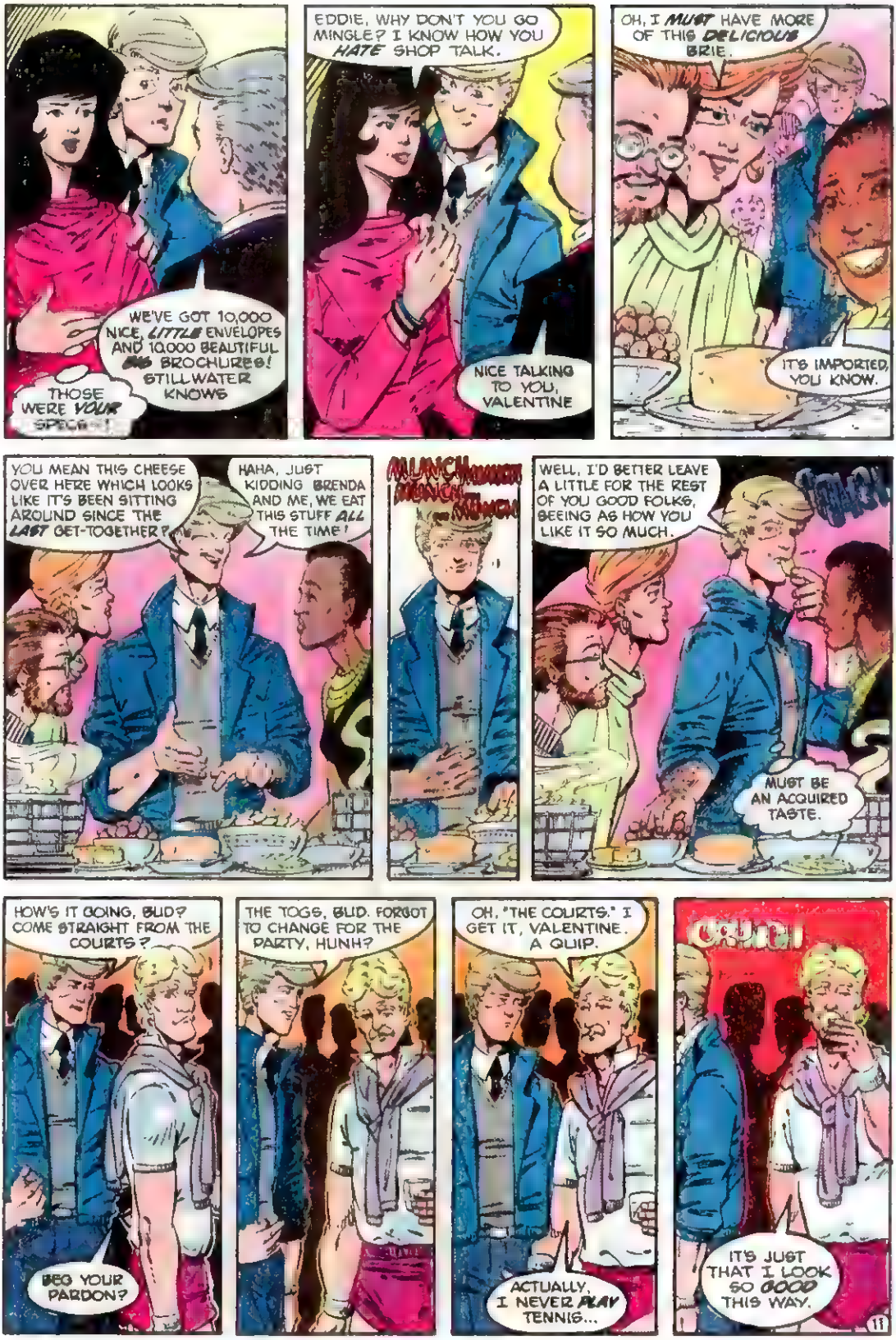
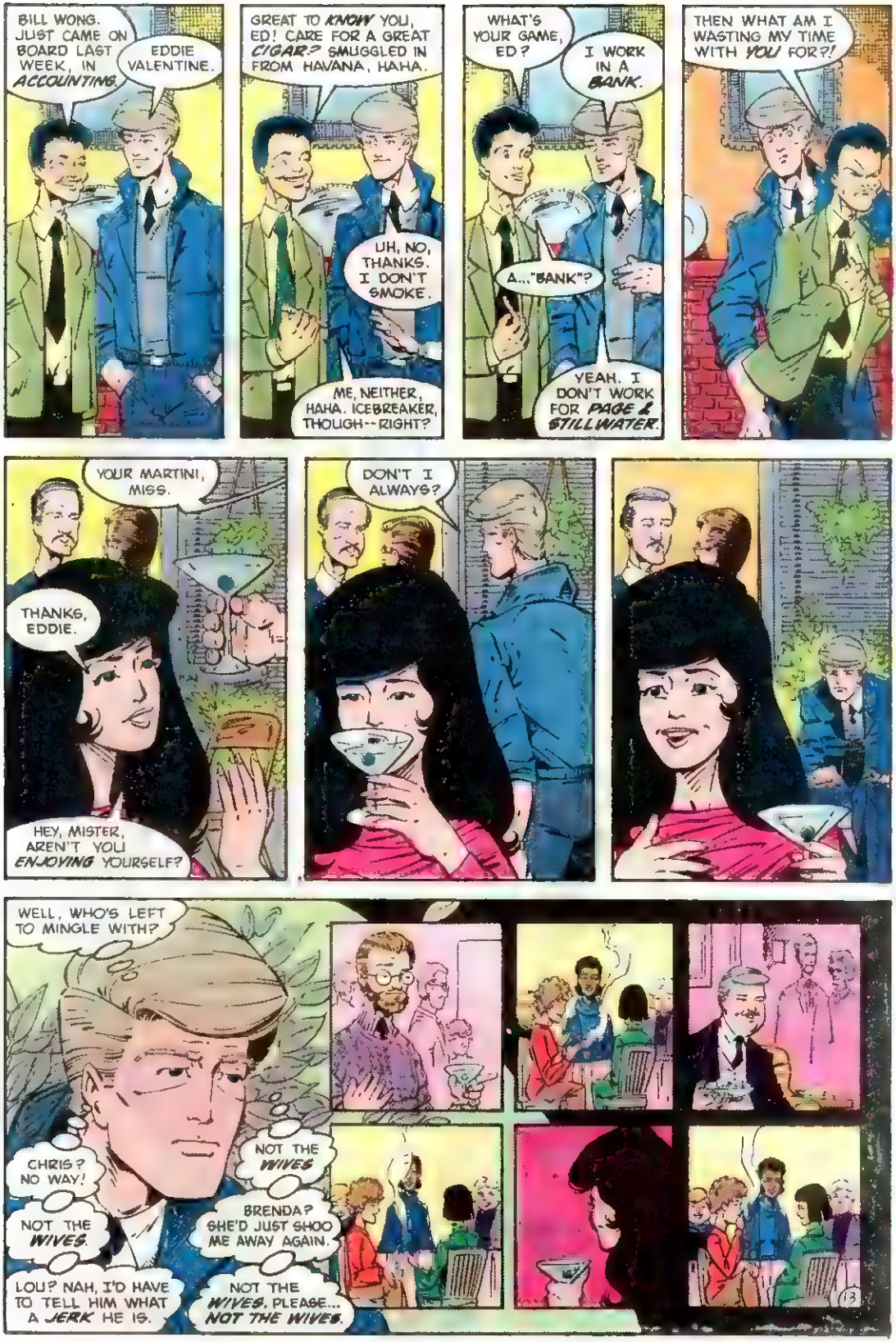
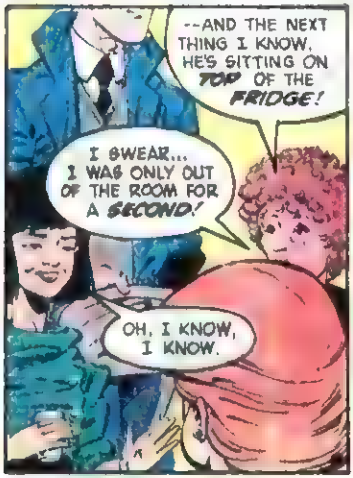

Bing Bang
AT LAST! BRENDA VALENTINE AND HER SWEET HUSBAND, EDWARD.
QUICK, ANN! WHAT'S THE HANDLE ON THIS ONE?
HE WORKS IN A BANK, DEAR. A PERFECT LITTLE PUPPY.
AH, RIGHT! RIGHT!
SORRY WE'RE LATE, MRS. STILLWATER. EDDIE WAS, UM... DETAINED.
NOT TO WORRY, DEAR! FREDERICK STOPPED MUTTERING QUITE A WHILE AGO!
SO, EDWARD, RUNNING CITIBANK YET? HAHA.
NOT YET, SIR. HAHA.
GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE, FREDERICK. WHY, AT HIS AGE, YOU WERE STILL COURTING ME...
...TRYING TO WANGLE YOUR WAY INTO DADDY'S FIRM.
THERE SHE IS-- PAGE AND STILLWATER'S BEST-LOOKING ACCOUNT EXEC!
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE.
HUNGRY, EDWARD? WE HAVE THOSE SWEDISH MEATBALLS YOU TOLD ME ABOUT LAST PARTY.
BREN-DA!
SMEK!

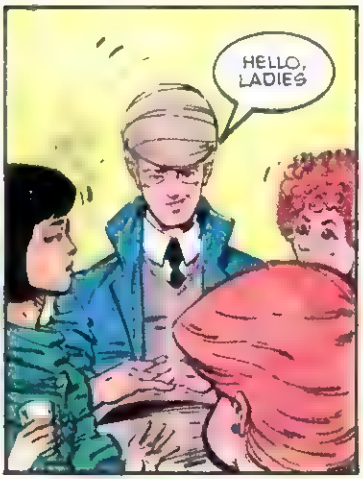
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO DROP THIS BIG HUNK...
SO WE CAN FLY OFF TO LA COSTA DEL SOL?
JUST KIDDING, EDDIE.
OH, CHRIS HAHA
YEAH. HILARIOUS.
DOESN'T THAT GUY EVER LET UP?
CALM DOWN, EDDIE. CHRIS IS GAY-- REMEMBER?
OH! NO PROBLEM, THEN, IF HE MAKES ME LOOK LIKE A JERK?!
STILLWATER ISN'T THIS TOWN'S MOST OPEN-MINDED BOSS..
...SO CHRIS PUTS THE MOVES ON MARRIED WOMEN. THAT'S SOMETHING THE BOSS APPROVES OF?
I GET IT.
GENTLEMEN, DON'T TELL ME I'M THE ONLY ONE WITH A SPOUSE IN TOW THIS EVENING.
NOT AT ALL, BRENDA--
--THERE'S THE WIFELY CONTINGENT.
HELLO-O-O.
HI, THERE, EDDIE. WE'VE SAVED YOU A SEAT.
LOU.
BRENDA, YOUR GIRL SCREWED UP. HELLO, VALENTINE.
MUST WE DISCUSS BUSINESS HERE, LOU?


WE'VE GOT 10,000 NICE, LITTLE ENVELOPES AND 10,000 BEAUTIFUL BIG BROCHURES! STILLWATER KNOWS
THOSE WERE YOUR SPECS--!
EDDIE, WHY DON'T YOU GO MINGLE? I KNOW HOW YOU HATE SHOP TALK.
NICE TALKING TO YOU, VALENTINE
OH, I MUST HAVE MORE OF THIS DELICIOUS BRIE.
IT'S IMPORTED, YOU KNOW.
YOU MEAN THIS CHEESE OVER HERE WHICH LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN SITTING AROUND SINCE THE LAST GET-TOGETHER?
HAHA, JUST KIDDING BRENDA AND ME, WE EAT THIS STUFF ALL THE TIME!
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
WELL, I'D BETTER LEAVE A LITTLE FOR THE REST OF YOU GOOD FOLKS, SEEING AS HOW YOU LIKE IT SO MUCH.
MUST BE AN ACQUIRED TASTE.
HOW'S IT GOING, BUD? COME STRAIGHT FROM THE COURTS?
BEG YOUR PARDON?
THE TOGS, BUD. FORGOT TO CHANGE FOR THE PARTY, HUNH?
OH, "THE COURTS." I GET IT, VALENTINE. A QUIP.
ACTUALLY, I NEVER PLAY TENNIS...
OUCH!
IT'S JUST THAT I LOOK SO GOOD THIS WAY.
11

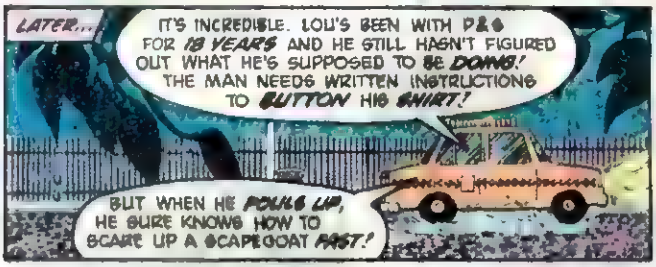
OH, YES, SUE AND I WOULD BE LOST WITHOUT OUR SEASON'S TICKETS TO THE MET...
THANK YOU, LORD! TOM'S A BASEBALL FAN. MAKE WAY FOR EDDIE V!
SO, TOM, WHATAYA THINK GOODEN'LL DO THIS SEASON? 25 WINS? 300 "K"S?
IF I WAS JOHNSON, I'D BAT CARTER AHEAD OF HERNANDEZ TO GIVE STRAWBERRY A CHANCE TO GROW...
TIME OUT, VALENTINE. WE WERE TALKING ABOUT THE MET-ROPOLITAN OPERA.
OH
THE OPERA
HEH.
I THOUGHT YOU MEANT... I MEAN... NEVER MIND.
SCREWED THAT UP GOOD
BRENDA, YOUR HUSBAND IS SO ADORABLE. AND HE KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT BARBECUE SAUCE!
BARBECUE SAUCE...?
HE'S CERTAINLY BECOME QUITE THE CONVERSATIONALIST SINCE I FIRST MET HIM...
GREAT PARTY, DON'T YOU THINK?
SURE. HAVE WE MET?
"HAVE WE MET?" HAHA. FUNNY LINE. VERY FUNNY
I KNOW THE GIRLS ARE JUST WAITING FOR HIM TO WORK HIS WAY AROUND TO THEM.
THEY SEEM TO HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON.
12

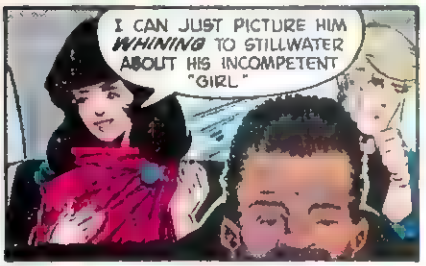

BILL WONG. JUST CAME ON BOARD LAST WEEK, IN ACCOUNTING.
EDDIE VALENTINE.
GREAT TO KNOW YOU, ED! CARE FOR A GREAT CIGAR? SMUGGLED IN FROM HAVANA, HAHA.
UH, NO, THANKS. I DON'T SMOKE.
ME, NEITHER, HAHA. ICEBREAKER, THOUGH--RIGHT?
WHAT'S YOUR GAME, ED?
I WORK IN A BANK.
A..."BANK"?
YEAH. I DON'T WORK FOR PAGE & STILLWATER.
THEN WHAT AM I WASTING MY TIME WITH YOU FOR?!
YOUR MARTINI, MISS.
THANKS, EDDIE.
HEY, MISTER, AREN'T YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF?
DON'T I ALWAYS?
WELL, WHO'S LEFT TO MINGLE WITH?
CHRIS? NO WAY!
NOT THE WIVES.
LOU? NAH, I'D HAVE TO TELL HIM WHAT A JERK HE IS.
NOT THE WIVES
BRENDA? SHE'D JUST SHOO ME AWAY AGAIN.
NOT THE WIVES, PLEASE... NOT THE WIVES.
13

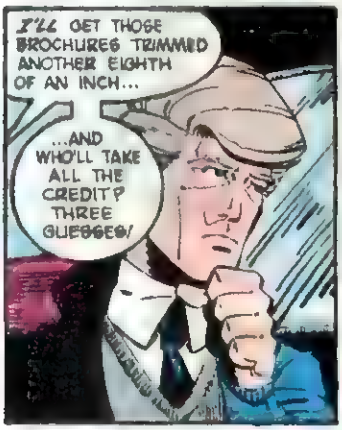

--AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW, HE'S SITTING ON TOP OF THE FRIDGE!
I SWEAR... I WAS ONLY OUT OF THE ROOM FOR A SECOND!
OH, I KNOW, I KNOW.

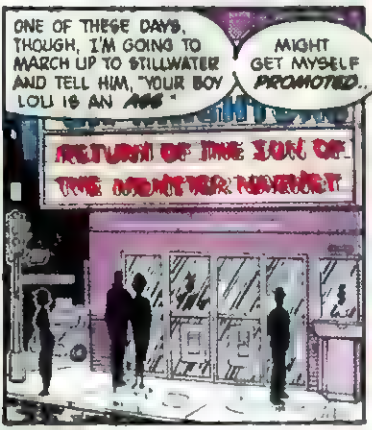

HELLO, LADIES

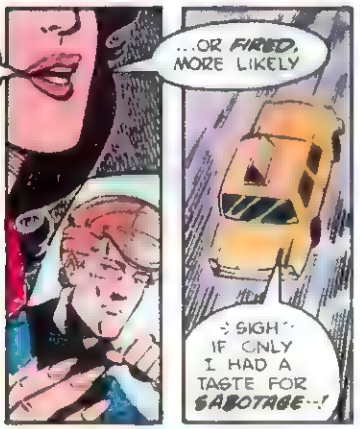
ANYBODY WANT A GOOD RECIPE FOR BARBECUE SAUCE?


LATER...
IT'S INCREDIBLE. LOU'S BEEN WITH P&G FOR 18 YEARS AND HE STILL HASN'T FIGURED OUT WHAT HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DOING! THE MAN NEEDS WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS TO BUTTON HIS SHIRT!
BUT WHEN HE FOULS UP, HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO SCARE UP A SCAPEGOAT FAST!


I CAN JUST PICTURE HIM WHINING TO STILLWATER ABOUT HIS INCOMPETENT "GIRL"


I'LL GET THOSE BROCHURES TRIMMED ANOTHER EIGHTH OF AN INCH...
...AND WHO'LL TAKE ALL THE CREDIT? THREE GUESSES!


ONE OF THESE DAYS, THOUGH, I'M GOING TO MARCH UP TO STILLWATER AND TELL HIM, "YOUR BOY LOU IS AN ASS."
MIGHT GET MYSELF PROMOTED..
RETURN OF THE SON OF THE MONSTER MOVIE!


...OR FIRED, MORE LIKELY
SIGH... IF ONLY I HAD A TASTE FOR SABOTAGE...!

Jingle-Jingle...
K-CHIK

STILLWATER KNOWS TALENT WHEN HE SEES IT. MY DAY WILL COME. THEN AGAIN...

BY THE WAY--NOT THAT I WANT TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO...
. BUT YOU SEEMED TO BE HAVING AN AWFULLY GOOD TIME AT THE PARTY!

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?
WERE WE AT THE SAME PARTY? COME TO THINK OF IT, MAYBE WE WEREN'T.
WHAT?
WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU? IF YOU'RE DRUNK, WHY DON'T YOU JUST MARCH YOURSELF TO BED AND DO US BOTH A FAVOR?
OH, SKIP IT, BREN. I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
IT'S JUST...
REMEMBER WHEN I PLAYED THIRD BASE IN HIGH SCHOOL?
AND THAT SCOUT FROM THE PIRATES CAME TO CHECK US OUT--?
I REALLY HUSTLED OUT ON THE FIELD THAT DAY--I LOOKED REALLY GREAT--!
HE MISSED EVERY PLAY I MADE, BUT HE REMEMBERED MY ONE ERROR.
GUYS LIKE ME--IT'S RAINDROPS VERSUS SNOWFLAKES, BREN...
SOAK
AH, WHAT DO YOU CARE? LONG AS I DON'T DO ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE WITH MY STUPID MOUTH.
EDDIE...
OH, EDDIE...
MY POOR EDDIE...
15

WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER SAY SOMETHING?
SURE! -- "HONEY, LET'S GO HOME. I FEEL LIKE AN INADEQUATE JERK" THAT WOULD HAVE GONE OVER GREAT!
OH, EDDIE-- YOU'RE NOT INADEQUATE...
...A JERK, SOMETIMES BUT NEVER INADEQUATE!
YOU OUGHT TO GO BACK TO CLIP-ON TIES. THEY COME OFF MORE EASILY.
NOW... TELL ME ABOUT THIS COLOGNE YOU GOT FROM TOM SELLECK...
RING
THAT'S PROBABLY STILLWATER. HE WANTED TO DISCUSS AN IDEA I HAD ON A NEW ACCOUNT.
AREN'T YOU GOING TO ANSWER IT?
HE'LL CALL BACK...
RING
...TOMORROW.
RING
'S ENDE

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Last issue, as you recall, I conveniently ran out of space *just* as I was going to immortalize Tom Ziuko in an apparently veridical squib. Well, I've kept you on tenterhooks long enough, so here g—

Uh, wait a moment. Before I get to the "Rajah of the Rainbow" (*Comics Interview* thought that one up, not I!), I want to make a straight-faced public announcement that I was having a little fun last issue at the expense of Mr. Stephen DeStefano. Heaven forfend that I would knowingly suggest that Stephen's singing was anything but, er, pleasant. Why, there are times when I would call it *unobjectionable!* When he hits the notes just right, he sounds something like a smarmy HAL 9000. (I'm glad *that's* all straightened out.)

Tom Ziuko has got to be one of the fussiest colorists in the business. Sometimes I actually appreciate this. Often I just wish he could overlook those little infelicities and gaffes, especially when I had every intention of overlooking them myself. In the end, despite all the headaches of making picky-picky corrections while Bob Rozakis (wearing his florid, bug-eyed Production Manager countenance) roars on about my incompetence—after the dust has settled and the issue is off the presses—I'm positively *glad* I've let him bully me into doing what we both knew was best.

Besides his grasp of the nuts 'n bolts stuff of coloring and comic book production in general, Tom has a very personal aesthetic approach to coloring. You can usually spot a Ziuko coloring job from forty paces—by its sensitivity to mood and its rich palette.

Tom was one of the first colorists I worked with at DC—on THRILLER and NATHANIAL DUSK and the SWORD OF THE ATOM Mini-Series and Special. I freely reveal that I have learned as much from studying Tom's color guides as I have from all other sources combined. If you haven't seen Tom's paintings on the second NATHANIAL DUSK mini-series, you've been depriving yourself of a genuine pleasure. Put it on your must-buy list.

Now I'm going to turn this page over to a couple of smart-mouth bums. Bob and Stephen want equal time to tell you something about *me*, you see. Let me warn you—if they say anything even a little bit nasty or unkind, they don't know what they're talking about!

Oh, before I go ... the picture below is a DeStefano-Kesel original. It would have been even better if Tom Ziuko had been added to the chorus, but His Highness of Hues couldn't make it for the sitting. Some other time, perhaps...

Us? Say something nasty or unkind about our pal Alan? Our pal Alan, who, more than once, has kept us from killing one another over one of the fine points of the scripts and art? Our pal Alan, who never fails to make his feelings known about where we eat lunch, even when WE are paying for HIS lunch? Our pal Alan, who forgot to mention in #1's text Bob's other scripting credits that range over twelve years? Our pal Alan, who always makes Stephen feel at home in his office with charming lines like "Go sit in the hall!"? Our pal Alan, who swore he would mention Karl's interest (and talent) in fine cooking and then forgot to put it in his text last issue? Our pal Alan, who guaranteed that if we did put anything nasty or unkind about him in this space he would edit it out (forgetting that a certain production manager is always the *last* person to see a book before it leaves the office)? Would we say something nasty or unkind about a guy like Alan? Nahhhhhh!

P.S.—And *he* don't sing too well, *either*!...

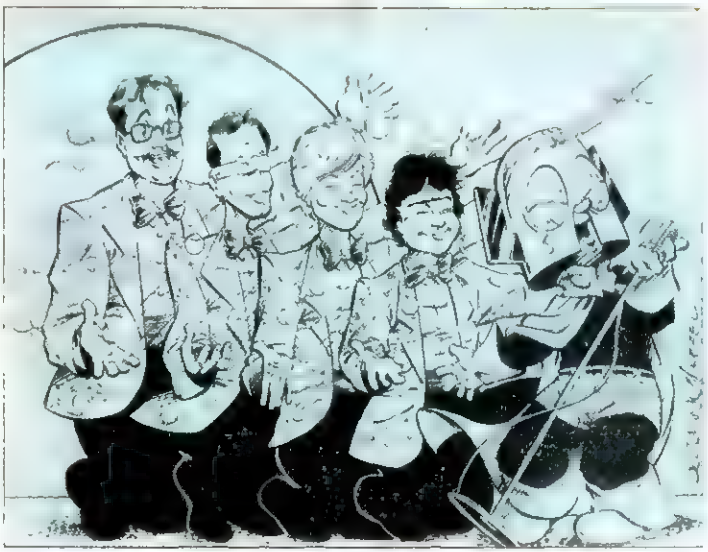
—S. De.

NEXT ISSUE: We had a lot of fun putting this main feature together. It's called "Male Machine," and it concerns Guido's getting a new Trans-Am from his father. This is a story that started out as a cute bit; then it grew and it grew...

The back-up gives you a closer look at K.P., and Gary Martin is the guest inker.

Your letters will start next issue, too! Three good reasons to haunt the comics racks in thirty days!

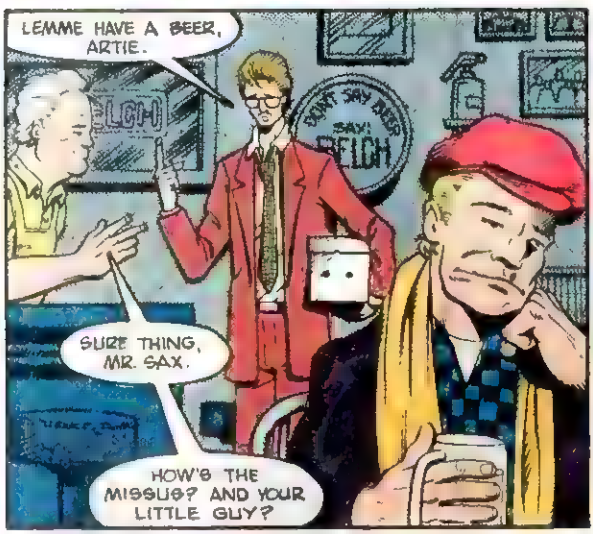
-Alan



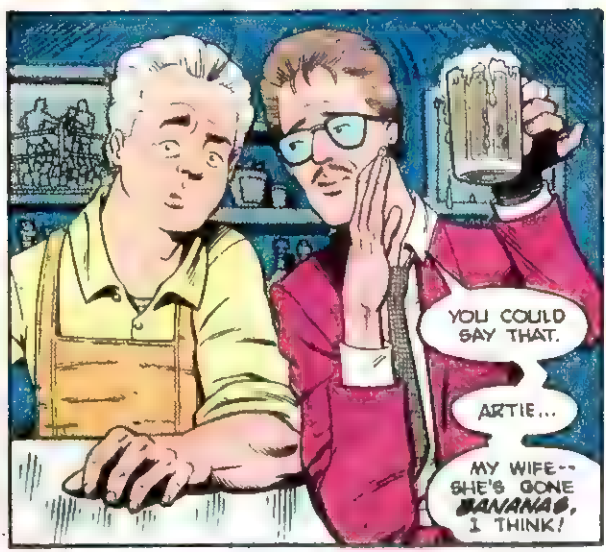
'mazing man

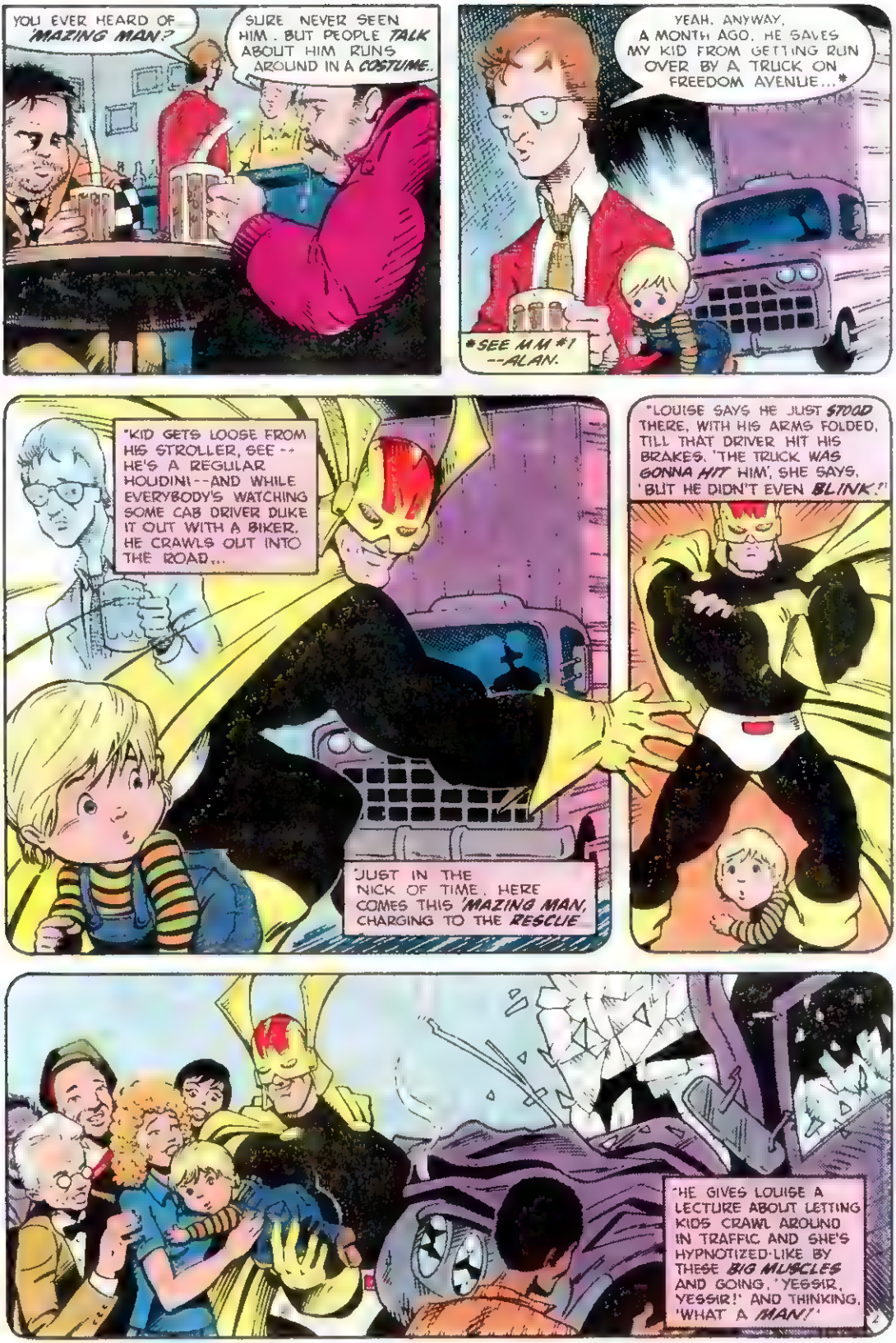
CREATED BY STEPHEN DESTEFANO & BOB ROZAKIS
GARY MARTIN *INKER* BOB LAPPAN *LETTERER*
NANSI HOOLIHAN *COLORIST* ALAN GOLD *EDITOR*

THANKS BUT NO THANKS



OH, UH, THEY'RE OKAY. KID WENT AND PAINTED THE TV SET THE OTHER DAY. WIFE SAID HE WANTED A COLOR TV LIKE ALL HIS FRIENDS.
AHH, KIDS-- THEY'RE REALLY SOMETHIN' AIN'T THEY?




YOU EVER HEARD OF 'MAZING MAN?
SURE NEVER SEEN HIM. BUT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT HIM RUNS AROUND IN A COSTUME..
YEAH, ANYWAY, A MONTH AGO, HE SAVES MY KID FROM GETTING RUN OVER BY A TRUCK ON FREEDOM AVENUE...*
*SEE MM #1 --ALAN.
"KID GETS LOOSE FROM HIS STROLLER, SEE -- HE'S A REGULAR HOUDINI--AND WHILE EVERYBODY'S WATCHING SOME CAB DRIVER DUKE IT OUT WITH A BIKER, HE CRAWLS OUT INTO THE ROAD...
"LOUISE SAYS HE JUST STOOD THERE, WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED, TILL THAT DRIVER HIT HIS BRAKES. 'THE TRUCK WAS GONNA HIT HIM', SHE SAYS, 'BUT HE DIDN'T EVEN BLINK.'
'JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, HERE COMES THIS 'MAZING MAN, CHARGING TO THE RESCUE
"HE GIVES LOUISE A LECTURE ABOUT LETTING KIDS CRAWL AROUND IN TRAFFIC AND SHE'S HYPNOTIZED-LIKE BY THESE BIG MUSCLES AND GOING, 'YESSIR, YESSIR!' AND THINKING, 'WHAT A MAN!'

"THEN, AS QUICK AS HE SHOWED UP, HE'S ZOOMING AWAY--"

--AND LOUISE NEVER EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO *THANK* HIM.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU WERE *PRETTY LUCKY*, MR. SAX. I THOUGHT STUFF LIKE THAT ONLY HAPPENS ON TV

IT'S JUST LIKE I ALWAYS SAY: *YOU NEVER KNOW!* MAZING MAN -- I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST ANOTHER NUT WEARING A COSTUME!

'NOTHER BEER?

DRAW ONE FOR YOURSELF, TOO.

ANYWAY, IT'S LIKE I SAID--LOUISE NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO THANK HIM FOR WHAT HE DID AND IT WAS *EATIN' HER UP* INSIDE...

KLNK

"...SO THREE WEEKS AGO, I SMELL SOMETHING *GOOD* ON THE STOVE..."

HEY-- *POT ROAST!*

HOW ABOUT AN *EARLY DINNER* TONIGHT, HON?

YOU HUNGRY? WAIT. I'LL THAW OUT THE *FRANKS*

HOT DOGS? WHAT ABOUT THE POT ROAST?
OH... THAT'S NOT FOR US.
THAT'S FOR 'MAZING MAN. TO THANK HIM FOR SAVING JONATHAN...
...AND BESIDES, HE LOOKS SO UNDERFED!
MEN
CAN YOU BEAT THAT? I GET HOT DOGS AND A GUY WHO CAN LIFT UP A TRUCK WITH ONE HAND GETS MY WIFE'S POT ROAST BECAUSE HE LOOKS UNDERFED!
HEY! DON'T GET ME WRONG -- I DON'T BEGRUDGE THE GUY HIS FREE MEAL.
AFTER ALL, HE SAVED MY KID -- RIGHT? SO I ATE MY HOT DOGS AND FIGURED THAT WAS THE END OF IT.
THEN, A WEEK LATER I COME HOME AND THERE'S NO DINNER READY AT ALL...
BELCH
"I FIGURED MAYBE LOUISE WASN'T FEELING WELL...OR THERE WAS A PROBLEM WITH JONATHAN. BUT, NO. 'I'VE BEEN BUSY,' SHE SAYS.
BUSY? DOING WHAT?! KNITTING A SWEATER THAT'S TOO SMALL FOR ME AND TOO BIG FOR JOHNNY?!

These days, a lot of my Editorial meetings have started with someone saying something like, "I just received a message on the computer last night that..." Sometimes I feel left out. I mean, sometime when I wasn't looking, most of our people went out, bought computers, and joined the computer revolution.

I have nothing against these dumb machines; as a matter of fact, my son, Richard Jr., earns his beer and Big Mac money in the business and tries to keep me abreast of what's happening. But like many of my generation, I'm still a bit uncomfortable around these machines while still recognizing their value and accepting the fact that the world will become far more computerized in the decade(s) to come. Increasingly, I see that so many of our people becoming green-eyed hackers is having beneficial effect on the creative staff, and that's what I feel like talking about this week, so listen up!

Andy Helfer is unquestionably DC's most vociferous staffer when it comes to extolling the creative virtues of doing it on a computer. He's been actively advocating that we computerize the entire office. Somebody must have been listening; we just bought an IBM PC that we're going to time-share. And ol' Andy immediately went out and bought a portable that is compatible with our PC so that he can plug in at work.

A number of our editors (Andy, of course, and Bob Greenberger, Len Wein, Marv Wolfman, Mike Barr, Roy Thomas, and others) have computers and they are able to communicate with one another without fear of interruption at the office. It allows them an opportunity to share their thoughts with each other before committing anything to paper or working with a fellow creator. Many of our free-lancer artists have computers, ranging from **GREEN LANTERN** inker Bruce Patterson to **BOOSTER GOLD** creator/writer/penciller Dan Jurgens.

Interestingly, the vast majority of our creative community who are plugged in own Macintosh computers, and from what I gather from the chief proselytizers—Andy and Bob—it's because the machine's user-friendly (that's computer talk, folks) and has superior graphic capabilities. One of our inkers does spacescapes on the Mac and then pastes them onto the original artwork—that's surely one way to save on ink ... and time! (Hmmm. How many spacescapes do I ink each year?)

MCI Mail is the service most of the people use to communicate with one another and it was essentially there that an upcoming series first saw the light of day. I had spoken extensively with Steve Gerber about doing a revival of the Spectre for us, but there were certain continuity problems to be resolved, so I suggested he speak with both Roy and Marv. That began a three-way computer debate that later ensnared Bob, who wound up editing the series based on his input. If not for the free exchange of ideas between these four people separated by thousands of miles, this series—probably coming out next summer, incidentally—would not be the same, nor do I think it would be anywhere near as good as it has become

It doesn't take a lot of encouragement to get these guys to talk to one another when all they have to do is plug in, dial up, and type. It's more play than work in many cases. And sometimes the fun can spill over into the work, and since I believe this kind of work should be fun, I certainly won't object to that.

Marv has also been a major backer of CompuServe, one of several national bulletin boards where information is accessed from local numbers for members all over the country. CompuServe has two different Special Interest Groups that have categories about comics, and people like Steve, Marv, Len, Bob, Dan Mishkin, and Mark Evanier all get on the system and speak directly with the fans.

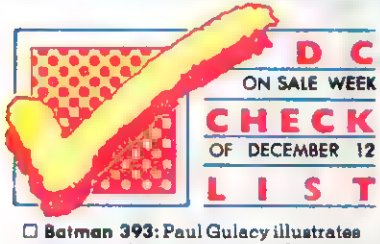
According to Marv and Bob, the immediacy of the feedback is quite helpful. "It's like feeling the pulse of the fan network," Bob says. When **CRISIS** #7 hit the stands, the service was filled with commentary for days about the story, and that signaled Marv (and **DC**) that he had succeeded in telling a moving and important story.

Recently, they tell me, Marv and Bob wound up having a bit of a feud on the system, but I'm assured by all concerned that they have kissed and made up. (Actually, it was a gag feud, I found out.) I keep thinking about getting one of these computers for myself, having my son teach me what to do with it, and then I can keep tabs on these guys and see when they're working or when they're playing. I can see myself reading commentary from Len and then signing on and yelling (as loudly as my fingers can type), "Go back and finish the plot to the next issue of **BLUE BEETLE!**"

However, I have been warned about how addictive these things are (if my son is any indication, very addictive is the word), and I'm afraid I may get so caught up with the computer that I'll never ink again. I don't need a computer that badly. I can only get up at 4 A.M. once each day. Although the idea of doing some of the backgrounds on screen sounds awfully interesting ... Hmmm. How many spacescapes do I ink each year?

Thank You and Good Afternoon

Dick



☐ **Batman 393:** Paul Gulacy illustrates part one as Batman faces the Cossack!

☐ **Hawkman Special 1:** The Shadow War continues in the realm of the dead!

☐ **Superman 417:** Just imagine Kal-El landing on Mars and raised by warlike Martians!

☐ **Star Trek® 24:** The Ajir wants the *Excelsior* to surrender. It does. Then the trouble begins!

☐ **G.I. Combat 282:** The Mercenaries in a book-length blockbuster!

☐ **Aquaman 2:** Can the silver-armed woman save Aquaman from certain death?

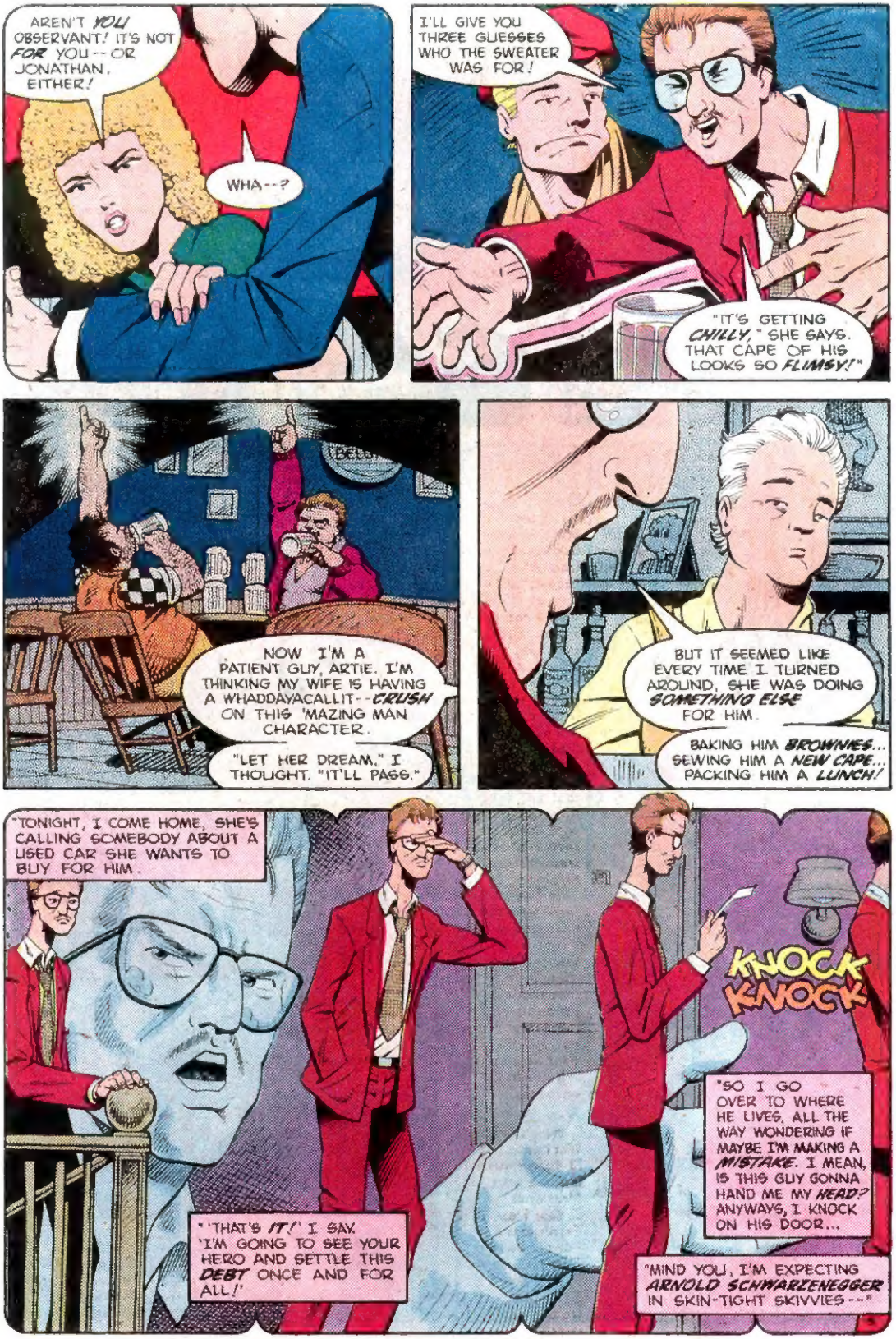
☐ **'Mazing Man 3:** Eddie plays the jackass in front of Brenda's boss.

☐ **Omega Men 36:** The final fate of Broot is a real shocker!

☐ **Legion of Super-Heroes 20:** The Legion vs. a living planet, heading straight for Earth!

☐ **Shadow of the Batman 4:** It's the showdown between Batman and the Joker with Silver in the middle!

☐ **Frost and Fire:** A graphic novel adaptation of Ray Bradbury's classic, by Klaus Janson!


AREN'T YOU OBSERVANT! IT'S NOT FOR YOU -- OR JONATHAN, EITHER!
WHA--?
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES WHO THE SWEATER WAS FOR!
"IT'S GETTING CHILLY," SHE SAYS. THAT CAPE OF HIS LOOKS SO FLIMSY!"
NOW I'M A PATIENT GUY, ARTIE. I'M THINKING MY WIFE IS HAVING A WHADDAYACALLIT--CRUSH ON THIS 'MAZING MAN CHARACTER.
"LET HER DREAM," I THOUGHT. "IT'LL PASS."
BUT IT SEEMED LIKE EVERY TIME I TURNED AROUND, SHE WAS DOING SOMETHING ELSE FOR HIM.
BAKING HIM BROWNIES... SEWING HIM A NEW CAPE... PACKING HIM A LUNCH!
"TONIGHT, I COME HOME, SHE'S CALLING SOMEBODY ABOUT A USED CAR SHE WANTS TO BUY FOR HIM.
"THAT'S IT!" I SAY. "I'M GOING TO SEE YOUR HERO AND SETTLE THIS DEBT ONCE AND FOR ALL!"
KNOCK KNOCK
"SO I GO OVER TO WHERE HE LIVES, ALL THE WAY WONDERING IF MAYBE I'M MAKING A MISTAKE. I MEAN, IS THIS GUY GONNA HAND ME MY HEAD? ANYWAYS, I KNOCK ON HIS DOOR...
"MIND YOU, I'M EXPECTING ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER IN SKIN-TIGHT SKIVVIES--"

"--WHAT ANSWERS THE DOOR IS A *TALKING DOG!*"

CAN I HELP YOU?

I...UH... UH...I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO... *'MAZING MAN?*

"IT'S NOT *REALLY* A TALKING DOG. JUST A *GUY* WHO LOOKS *A LOT* LIKE A BEAGLE."

MAZE! SOMEBODY TO SEE YOU!

COMING!

NOT 'TIL YOU FINISH TAPING THAT CARTON SHUT, YOU'RE NOT! I DON'T WANT THEM GETTING *LOOSE* AGAIN!

GEE, DENTON, I JUST WANTED TO SAY *GOOD-BYE* ONE MORE TIME!

YOU'VE BEEN SAYING GOOD-BYE FOR THREE HOURS, MAZE! THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS, EVEN FOR *YOU!*

IF *THEY'RE* NOT OUT OF HERE BY THE TIME K.P. GETS HOME, *YOU'LL* GO IN THE BOX *WITH* THEM!

NOW, I HAVEN'T GOT THE FAINTEST IDEA WHAT'S *GOING ON*--RIGHT? BUT I FIGURE ANY SECOND 'MAZING MAN IS GONNA GET REAL *PEEVED* AND PUT THIS LITTLE DOG-FACED BOY THROUGH A WALL!

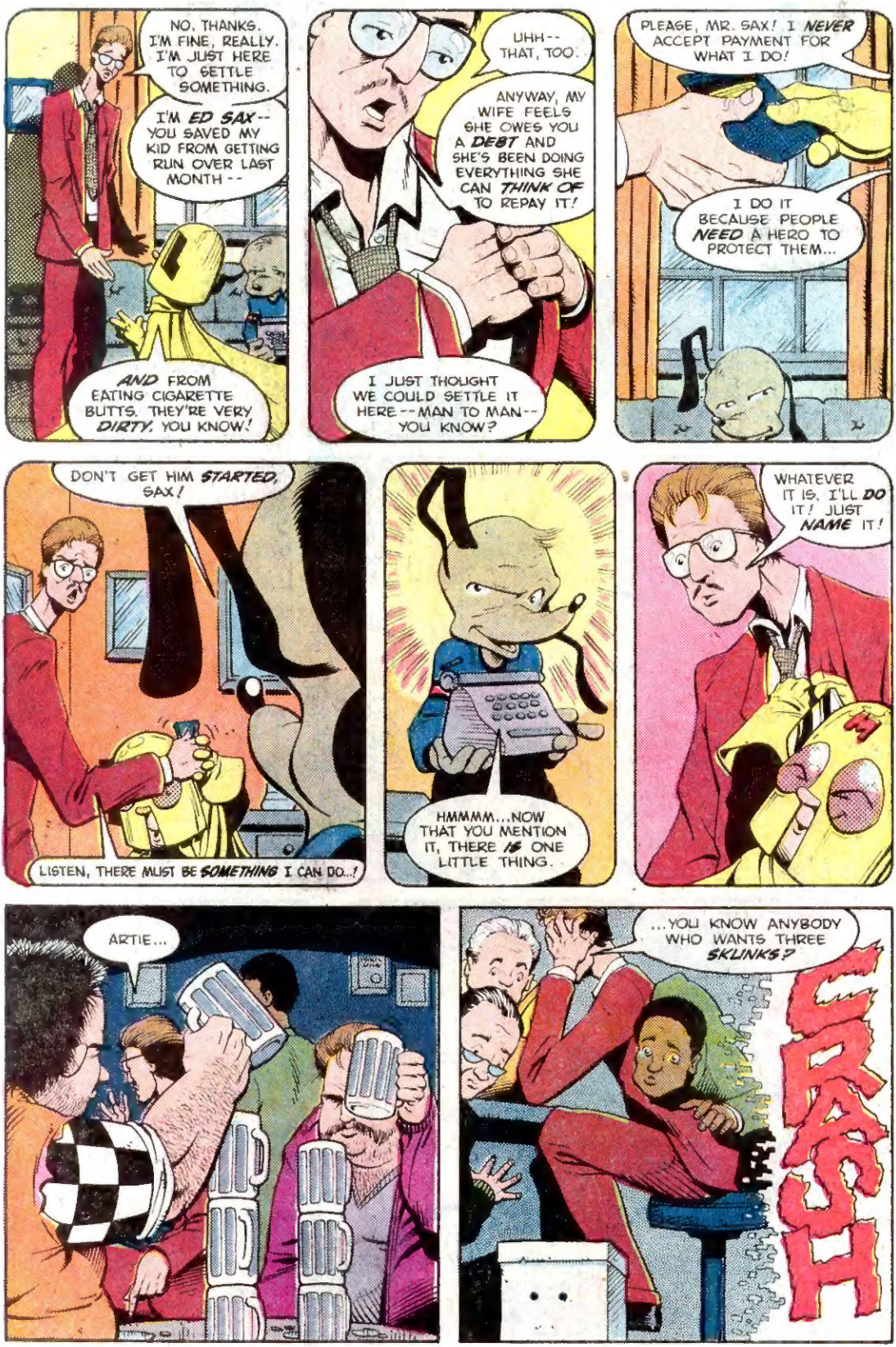
"FINALLY, THEY FINISH WHATEVER THEY'RE FIGHTING ABOUT AND IN HE COMES..."

HI!

M

"...FOUR FEET TALL AND WEARING A HELMET THAT LOOKS LIKE THE FENDER OFF A DODGE I OWNED WHEN I WAS 17!"

ARE YOU FROM SEA MONKEYS INTERNATIONAL?
HUH?
I...NO...IT'S--WE HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS, YOU AND ME.
OH, MAZE IS GOOD AT NOT FINISHING BUSINESS HE GETS HIMSELF INTO!
BUT, DENTON...
I TOLD YOU--I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD TO KILL THEM!
RIGHT! YOU ASSUMED THEY'D DROP DEAD FROM THE SHEER JOY OF BECOMING A COAT FOR YOU!
NO, I FIGURED THEY JUST WENT OFF QUIETLY BY THEMSELVES, INTO A CLOSET OR SOMETHING, AND SHED THEIR FUR.
ARRRRGHH!
UHH-- 'SCUSE ME, I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, SO IF I COULD SAY MY PIECE AND BE ON MY WAY...?
OOOH, I'M SO SORRY! CAN I GET YOU A CUP OF COCOA? OR A SNACK?
HAVE YOU EATEN DINNER? WE HAVE SOME DELICIOUS LEFTOVER POT ROAST.


NO, THANKS. I'M FINE, REALLY. I'M JUST HERE TO SETTLE SOMETHING.
I'M ED SAX -- YOU SAVED MY KID FROM GETTING RUN OVER LAST MONTH --
AND FROM EATING CIGARETTE BUTTS. THEY'RE VERY DIRTY, YOU KNOW!
UHH -- THAT, TOO.
ANYWAY, MY WIFE FEELS SHE OWES YOU A DEBT AND SHE'S BEEN DOING EVERYTHING SHE CAN THINK OF TO REPAY IT!
I JUST THOUGHT WE COULD SETTLE IT HERE -- MAN TO MAN -- YOU KNOW?
PLEASE, MR. SAX! I NEVER ACCEPT PAYMENT FOR WHAT I DO!
I DO IT BECAUSE PEOPLE NEED A HERO TO PROTECT THEM...
DON'T GET HIM STARTED, SAX!
LISTEN, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO...!
HMMMM...NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, THERE IS ONE LITTLE THING.
WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL DO IT! JUST NAME IT!
ARTIE...
...YOU KNOW ANYBODY WHO WANTS THREE SKLINKS?
CRASH